

The End

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Summary: So what happens afterwards?

Something a little different from the normal style of writing fan fiction. Yes, this is a HALO fan fiction. I'll just leave it up to you to figure out HOW it relates. Very Short.

The End

Disclaimer: I dont own Halo or Bungie.

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It was a cold afternoon. Cold enough that you could see your breath form minuscule clouds in the air in front of you, the ones that lasted for a split second, then faded away. It was a normal day. A year ago, nothing was normal. But humans had no problem adapting. No longer did the shark-like vessels in the sky mean certain death. No longer were third-degree burns caused by liquid, only fire.

Humans won the war. We fought against a foe so large, so powerful. Yet, we humans, with frail bodies and primitive minds, came out victorious in the end. Like a venomous spider, killing the child that had the intent to crush the tiny arachnid's weak, organic shell. But this was at a price. The man who saved humanity's ass, died doing so. One dollar can win the lottery, as can one person, save billions.

Now, one year from such turmoil, things were quiet. One year ago, that was a rare luxury a scant few ever experienced. The soldiers have become silent. The rifles hung on their racks, and the loud military vehicles, parked in their final resting places, for the time being. Since then, things have calmed down. We humans, adapting once again, to a more...relaxed...life. A good life the soldiers never got. Sure, "Fight for her" may be just another propaganda slogan to the people. But the soldiers never forgot. Their duty was never over, until death ended it all. The kill counts weighing them down at the Lord's feet.

End
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